**Mr. Schmidt's New Class Rules**  
by Dragavan  
  
**Part 1: Formulating The Plan**  
  
Professor Harold Schmidt, of the History Department, was tired of his students disrespecting his class and treating it like a free period. Especially the sorority girls, cheerleaders, and athletes. They never seemed to listen, they sowed up late all the time, they talked in the middle of his demonstrations, they even chatted during tests, and more. Even the relatively well behaved students were often quietly working on things for other classes instead of listening to his. He was fed up with it and needed to do something to put an end to it. Something drastic enough to catch their attention and hold onto it. He had to come up with a plan.  
  
Luckily the school codes, mainly Section 1.1.1.3, gave instructors like him the power handle all in class activity and punishment directly. Sure, there were limitations on what he could do, but they were pretty wide limits since students could always opt out of taking the class at any point. He was pretty much free to do whatever he wanted within the walls of his class and he was going to use that power to make them respect his class, or else.  
  
The idea that he was going to do this kept him sane through the following weeks as he formulated his plans. He didn't even get testy and grumble when they interrupted his class, as he usually did. He just had to follow the major school rules and wanted to make sure that everything was clear and given upfront to his class before initiating any of it, which was taking a while to write out to his satisfaction. He wanted to make sure there were no loopholes they could exploit. They were a smart bunch of kids, after all. Which was part of why it frustrated him so much when they didn't pay attention or even try in his class.  
  
Finally he was ready and figured he had everything in order. At least as much as it ever would be. He was pretty sure it was all clear and solid, but he knew that there was always a chance that something was missed. He could live with that, though. It's not like he could change it at that time and post a correction to keep whatever happened from happening again. He did have all the power, after all. Tomorrow, Friday, was going to be the day the class learned of it and Monday was going to see it put into action.  
  
The class was as unruly as usual and Mr. Schmidt was having his usual trouble getting them to pay attention through all his normal class work. His coverage of the Hundred Years' War and how it affected 14th Century France when it started was all but lost to their personal conversation and goofing off. He gave up and went to get his rules from his case, before turning back to face the distracted class.  
  
Clearing his throat, which he knew had no real effect, he started speaking, "Okay class, I have been patient and tried to get you all reigned in through incentives and polite requests, but none of that seems to have had any effect on you. Now I have to do something a little more drastic, and I am sure a lot of you aren't going to like it."  
  
Cindy and Laura, a couple of his few good students, gulped but the rest of his class seemed to not even hear him.  
  
"In order to keep order in this class and stop all these attendance problems I am going to be instituting some new class rules. These are going to insure that you start paying attention, start showing up, and start doing your work or else you can leave my class and stop wasting all our time. If you return on Monday it means you accept these rules and are willing to abide by them. Otherwise, feel free to drop my class."  
  
He then handed a stack of papers to a boy in the front row, another of those few that have been trying to pay attention the whole time. "Kenny, would you please hand these abbreviated forms of the new class rules to everyone?"  
  
Kenny rose and started to hand out the papers. This caused a few more of the students to start paying attention as the saw the subject the paper they were being handed, but most of the cheerleaders and athletes still weren't paying attention.  
  
"That's just the short form that gives you basics of what you need to know about the rules. The full rules will be posted over here on the bulletin board and on the outside of my class door. It's four pages long and clearly explains all the rules and the consequences for not following them, in case you want to read them. In fact, I'm ending class now to let any of you want to read them do so without worrying about missing your next class."  
  
On that he pins the one to the board and walks over to the main classroom door.  
  
Some of those who weren't paying attention noticed him open the door and that some of the others were milling around. Carla hops up and says, "What? Is class over already?"  
  
Mr. Schmidt posted the papers on the outside of the door and said, "Yes Miss Bowman, that's what I said several minutes ago. If you had been paying attention you'd have know that. Soon enough, you will be though."  
  
She shrugged, "Whatever," and the rest of them shoved their things, including the paper he handed out, into their bags and walked out of the room talking.  
  
Several of the students, including some of those who weren't paying attention at first, were milling around the bulletin board and door to read the rules he posted. A few gasps and statements of worry, like "Oh my god," were heard coming from them.  
  
One freshman girl, Janie, turned to face Mr. Schmidt. "Are you serious about these? Or are you just trying to scare away some of them annoying jocks who don't take your class serious?"  
  
"Oh, I'm very serious." He says with a stern face. "If this also weeds out some problematic students, then all the better, but the remaining students will be following these."  
  
"But," she stammers slightly, "This means that at least one person will be punished every class. Even if everyone is good."  
  
Harold smiled slightly, but there was no sign of mirth behind it. "When was the last time everyone was good in my class? Do you really think that's going to happen?"  
  
She shook her head. "No, sir. At least not right away, but it could happen."  
  
"If, somewhere down the road, the class gets to a point where I don't think it's needed any more to keep them in line, I will alter or remove these rules. Until then I would suggest you watch yourself."  
  
She nods, looking very worried. "Yes, sir. I will." She then gulped and walked out of the room, making sure to have her copy of the rules in hand so she could read them later.  
  
He smiles to himself as the last students leave the room and he closes the door behind them. He was pleased with how that went. He went above and beyond what is required by the rules of the school, giving them all this time to learn and read the rules. Those who paid attention were suitably worried and those who didn't will suffer come Monday. Soon they will learn that his class is not something to treat like recess.  
  
He was still smiling when he left his office and headed home for the weekend. 'They would all see he was serious come Monday, and they would pay.'

**Part 2: The New Rules Begin**  
  
Janie Appleton couldn't believe what was announced on Friday in her World History class. The new rules that Mr. Schmidt put forth for his class were harsh and guaranteed that somebody was going to be punished in front of the whole class. She could understand his frustration, with how little most of the students seemed to pay attention in the class, but she was pretty sure this was going too far.  
  
She knew he was within his rights with the codes, but that doesn't mean that it really seemed fair. Hell, Janie was pretty sure that most of the actual school codes were unfair, but they were the law of the university and they all had to live by them. This was just above and beyond. At least the codes seemed to try and encourage correct behavior, even if it seemed to have the opposite effect in the long run.  
  
She was pretty sure these were going to have the opposite effect, where it would have the desired effect in the long run but is being done more out of spite and anger in the short term. The more she read on the rules sheet he sent home with them the more certain she was of this. Monday was going to be interesting to say the least, but Janie was sure she didn't want to be late or caught doing wrong.  
  
On Monday Janie got dressed a little more conservatively than usual, making sure to be within both the dress codes of the school and these new rules for the class. She didn't want to have any trouble. Once she thought she was relatively safe she took off to her classes.  
  
Mr. Schmidt's class was her third class of the day, early in the afternoon, and right after her break for lunch. She didn't want to be late so she cut her lunch short and wandered in there about fifteen minutes before the class was supposed to start.  
  
She was shocked to see that the room already had more than half a dozen students sitting in it. It was mostly the "good" kids, but there were a couple others in there too. Seems that she wasn't the only one worried about the new rules.  
  
She took a seat next to Cindy and Laura, who were always here early, thinking that it would help her appear better than if she was surrounded by the trouble makers that came in later. They said nothing, but shared glances of light worry and wonder. It seemed the others had as much trepidation as she did.  
  
As class time grew closer she watches as more students started to file in and take their seats. Nobody seemed all that talkative, although the occasional whispers wafted through the room, usually about the new rules and what they thought would happen. The general consensus seemed to be that he was trying to scare them, but wouldn't do anything this bad for real.  
  
At about three minutes before class was to start Mr. Schmidt walked in, looking serious but slightly pleased as he saw how many people were here already and quietly seated. He dropped his bulging leather case on his podium and places a stack of papers on his lectern. He then took his seat and started going through some papers, occasionally glancing up at the students in the room.  
  
Janie wasn't sure why, but this made his extremely nervous. The way he kept looking up at them all was kinda creepy to her. She tried to avoid looking his direction, but even just the thought of it lingered in her mind.  
  
The class was nearly full when the start of class hit and Mr. Schmidt stood up. He walked over to the door and a complete hush passed over the room. Janie thought she saw a smile dance on his lips at this, but then it was gone as his face returned to his normal stoic look. He closed the door and stepped behind his lectern to face the class.  
  
"Good afternoon class." He said with a very fake looking smile plastered on his face.  
  
A light muttering of "Good afternoon Mr. Schmidt" bounced around the room back at him.  
  
He frowned and said, "Class, I think you can do better than that. Let's make this restart of my class take off on the right foot."  
  
He paused a moment and spoke in a very fake kindly voice. ""Good afternoon class."  
  
This time the class replied in a much stronger and more unified voice. "Good afternoon Mr. Schmidt."  
  
"Much better." He said and retuned his voice to normal. "Now let's get some attendance out of the way. When I read you name off, stand up and say 'here.' I will then mark you off, check that you're dressed appropriately, and tell you to sit down if everything is okay."  
  
Everyone stiffened in their seats and the room grew even quieter, which Janie didn't think was possible. She was sure glad she carefully chose her outfit this morning.  
  
"Okay," he started, looking down at his sheet, but was interrupted before he actually got out a name. "First we have..."  
  
The door of the room popped open and four students walked in, trying to act quiet and sneaky, but all eyes turned to them. It was three of the cheerleaders and some guy off the basketball team. They froze when they saw that everyone was quiet and looking at them. A couple of them looked really worried, but the others just seemed smug.  
  
"What?" Said the blond cheerleader. "Did we interrupt a pop quiz or something?"  
  
The raven haired girl next to her snickered, Janie was pretty sure her name was Wendy but they don't really know each other. The brunet cringed and looked worried and the guy shyly looked at the floor, shaking his head slightly, as if he just got caught in the middle of something.  
  
"Well," Spoke Mr. Schmidt in a serious voice, "It looks like we have a few tardy students. With the new rules in place they will have to suffer the consequences if they want to stay in this class."  
  
"What new rules?" Gasped Wendy, looking confused and worried.  
  
"The ones I told you all about and posted on Friday before class ended."  
  
"Never heard about them. You can't expect us to follow something we never knew about."  
  
"You had every opportunity to read them." He said, his voice growing more impatient. "I even made sure you were handed a copy of the basics before you left, so there is no excuse for ignorance of them."  
  
She opened her mouth to say something back, but he cut her off and kept speaking. "So the four of you are going to be in violation, but first I want take attendance. So please take seats up here in front and stand when your name is called."  
  
He starts reading off names and each time a student stands up, usually looking nervous, and waits. He looks them over and then tells tem to sit back down, checking off something on the page. A couple names are called and nobody stands up, even after repeating their name a few times. They seem to get a line through them or underlined or something. A couple of the students are made to stand up for longer periods of time, as Mr. Schmidt seems to mull things over while looking at them.  
  
When he called out the name Trina, a tall sandy-blond girl stood up in the back. Janie knew her from the Omega Delta Phi House, where she was one of the girls who teased Janie when she approached them about joining early in the year. They were a lot of arrogant rich bitches as far as Janie was concerned. Trina was dressed in a half-shirt with her sorority house letters on it and a small light yellow miniskirt. The shirt was rather sheer, except for the letters across her chest, and the outlines of her breasts could easily be seen through it. Janie shook her head, knowing that Trina was in trouble.  
  
Mr. Schmidt took some time looking at her, but rather quickly said, "Trina, come up here and sit with these four. You are in violation of my rules and will also have to be punished if you want to stay in my class."  
  
Trina gasped and looked put out, but grabbed her bag and stomped down to the front to sit. Janie could hear her mumbling under her breath as she passed her and sat down. "I'm following the damn dress code, you should stuff your stupid class rules and get with the program you old coot."  
  
"That will be quite enough Trina." Barked Mr. Schmidt.  
  
Janie suppressed a smirk as she realized that he must have heard what Trina was mumbling. She was pleased to see that rich daddy's girl get put in her place.  
  
He continued to call out names and have them stand up. A couple of the other sorority girls seemed nervous when they stood, but eventually he let them all sit back down and nobody else was called up to the front. He looked over his sheet and nodded slightly.  
  
He glanced up at the clock and saw that a good fifteen minutes of his two-hour class had already passed before putting the paper down and speaking. "Looks like we won't be seeing at least four of you any more. Now let's move on to the punishments so we can get on to learning. Would the five of you please stand up?"  
  
The four girls and the jock stood up and looked nervously around at each other. Janie couldn't help but notice that the brunet cheerleader looked extremely worried. She thinks that girl must have actually read about the rules but didn't think he would actually follow through with them. Now she seemed to think differently. The others don't seem to have a clue what they are in for, but that doesn't mean they don't look nervous.

**Part 3: The Torment of Trina**  
  
"Let's start with you Trina." Mr. Schmidt said with an even voice. "Please come up here and stand in front of the class."  
  
Trina couldn't believe her luck, and all of it bad. Not only did she have to deal with her sorority sisters making her wear this horribly see through shirt today, but it appears that Mr. Schmidt now has it out for her because of some new stupid rules he's put into place. She also knew that standing up on this podium would give some of her classmates a peek at her pussy if she wasn't careful. The skirt she was also made to wear was barely long enough to cover her when looked at straight on. She couldn't help but fidget nervously as she stood there waiting to see what this crazy old teacher had in mind for her.  
  
"I know these rules are new and will take some time to get used to," Mr. Schmidt started lecturing to the class, "but I think we can all agree that Trina here is blatantly breaking them. Can anyone tell me exactly what rule she is breaking?"  
  
A few of the students raised their hands, but he called on one in the front row with a simple point of his finger.  
  
The nerdy girl spoke in a rather meek voice. "The one about distracting apparel."  
  
"That is correct Janie." He smiled and nodded at the mousy student, who seemed please with herself. "Trina here is wearing some very distracting apparel, wouldn't you say?"  
  
He raised his hand to motion all attention to her shirt. "As you can see her shirt is nearly see-through, clearly showing you all the majority of her breasts. This sort of peep-show style flashing has actually proven more distracting than actual nudity. The eye is always drawn to it, since there is the hint of seeing more at any moment. This is something that not only will be distracting to the students around her, but anyone up here trying to speak. Namely, myself."  
  
Trina's face flushed with embarrassment as all the attention being drawn to her breasts, causing her shifting and twitching movements to become more prominent. She was also sure she caught a couple of the people in the front row, including that nerdy Janie girl, glance at her crotch. She was now certain they could see something.  
  
"We can't have this." Mr. Schmidt continued. "The punishment for such a penalty is clear in the rules, but since this is a first offence I think we can let he off easy. We will treat this as a learning experience for all of you, to make sure none of you understand the consequences. This will also prevent the voting part of the rules from taking place, since Trina is being punished for an obvious dress violation."  
  
Trina let out a sigh of relief and relaxed slightly at these words. She wasn't going to be punished after all. She was going to get off with a warning, which meant she could now read the rules and make sure this didn't happen again. These feeling didn't last, being interrupted when Mr. Schmidt next spoke.  
  
"Please remove your shirt Trina."  
  
Shocked at this, and flushing red again, she turned her head to the professor. "WHAT?"  
  
"As I said," He explained, looking seriously at her. "Documented studies have shown that being nude is less distracting than the peep-show effect. Since I can't make you put more on, being that I know that none of you would be carrying around extra clothing, I have to have you take off the distracting piece of clothing."  
  
"I thought you said I would get off easy?" Her voice was shaky, as she was on the edge of losing control. This was a nightmare. She was not only being humiliated by her sisters, but now this?  
  
"You are." He said, calmly. "The new rules clearly state that if someone chooses to wear excessively revealing or otherwise distracting clothing they must not care about them and will have to destroy them on the spot. You will get the shirt back at the end of class instead of being forced to destroy it in front of the class, so that it would never be used to disrupt my class again."  
  
Trina let out a whimper, but knew she had no choice. She slowly removed her shirt, trying to cover her breasts with her left arm, and handed it to the teacher.  
  
He took the shirt and placed it on his desk, but didn't wave her to leave yet. Instead he faced the class again and spoke. "As you can see, although she is embarrassed, it's far less distracting since there is nothing to surprise us with."  
  
He looked over at her and scowls. "Trina, put your arms down, trying to cover is just as bad as the shirt. I'm trying to make a point here."  
  
She slowly lowered her arms, humiliated and bowing her head to try and hide her face. Her pert young breasts were now on full display and a pinkish hue was spreading across her chest. She couldn't believe this was happening, but she had no choice. She needed the credits and the only way out of this was to walk out and drop the class.  
  
"Are there any questions about this, now that Trina is taken care of?"  
  
That Janie girl seemed to quickly raised her hand. There were a few others too, but she seemed to have a smirk dancing on her lips that Trina didn't like one bit. She quietly hoped that he would call on one of the others.  
  
"Yes Janie?" Mr. Schmidt said, calling on her.  
  
Trina swore under he breath and braced for what was coming.  
  
"What about her skirt?" Janie said, apparently still trying to suppress that smile. "Wouldn't you find something that short distracting too? Especially if she was sitting and facing you?"  
  
Trina glared at her, but Janie tried to make it look like it was an innocent honest question. Trina had no idea why this girl had it out for her, but she was going to find a way to make her pay.  
  
Mr. Schmidt looked over at Trina and down at her skirt. "That's a fair question. I can't really tell from up here next to her."  
  
He pulled the stool he had in the corner out and patted it. "Trina will you please take a seat here?"  
  
Defeated she walked over to the stool and hopped up on it. She tried her best to keep her legs together, but the wobbly stool made that very difficult. Even gripping the sides of the stool with her hands she had no choice but her put her feet on the rungs on each side of the stool to keep her from falling off, which also had the side effect of making it impossible to keep her kneed together. At best she was able to sit with them about two inches apart. She was sure at least some of the class was getting a nice view of her cleanly shaved pussy.  
  
Mr. Schmidt walked around in front of her and stepped off the podium, to stand by the front row, where the four others were still standing awaiting their punishment. Trina could see the growing horror on their faces as they watched what she was going through. He paced back and forth in front of them, looking back at her and scowling. She was sure that was a bad sign.  
  
After a couple minutes of this he stepped back up next to her and signaled for her to stand again.  
  
She slid forward and tried to step off as carefully as possible, but her skirt couldn't help but flip up slightly as it caught on the stool. She grimaced at this but tried to pretend she didn't notice, hoping he would let her off with a warning on this one.  
  
"It seems Janie was correct." He said looking down at Trina's skirt. "That skirt is definitely too short and will be a huge distraction once you sit back and relax, forgetting about it."  
  
"I won't." Trina quickly blurted out, panic rising in her voice. "I'll sit carefully and demure and everything. The whole time. You won't see anything to distract you."  
  
"Sorry, I can't count on that. Please remove it." On that he put his hand out for it.  
  
Trina let out another big sigh and reached down to unzip the side of her skirt. Her fingers fumbled with it, having trouble getting hold of it with how nervous she was, but soon enough it was being pulled down and the skirt was falling to the floor. There it was. Her privates were now all fully exposed to the class. She felt the warm flush of embarrassment pass over her again, knowing she was now blushing even darker.  
  
Mr. Schmidt cleared his throat and wiggled his fingers at her. She realized what she forgot and quickly bent down to pick up the skirt and placed it in his hand. He dropped it on his desk with her shirt and turned back to the class.  
  
"Are there any other questions or observations about Trina here?"  
  
She wanted to cover up but knew that it would just lead to more trouble if she tried. The sooner he finished the sooner she could go sit down and let someone else do their punishment. She just wanted this class to be over. Nobody raised a hand, but everyone was staring at her.  
  
"Very well." He said and turned to Trina. "You can take your seat now. Let this be a lesson to you about following the dress rules of this class in the future."  
  
Turning to the class as a whole he added, "That goes for all of you. Learn from Trina's mistakes here."  
  
He turned back to her, as she started to walk down off the podium. "You can get your things after class is over."  
  
Trina was very pleased to be out of the spotlight, but that didn't mean that everyone wasn't still watching her. She slipped into her chair and tried to keep herself as covered as possible with her books and things, not that there was much she could do. She just had to wait for the professor to start in on the other four.

**Part 4: Dealing With Tardiness**  
  
Mr. Schmidt rounded on the four still standing in the front row and called them up onto the podium with him, telling them to line up facing the class. Wendy knew she was in for it as she followed her friends up onto the podium. She didn't know exactly what she was in for but the hurried whispers from Gina as they moved to the front told her it could be bad. She really wished she had read that stupid paper he handed out instead of just letting it get lost in the bottom of her bag. At least now she understood why Wendy had been pushing so hard to get them to class on time today.  
  
She stood between Beth and Gina in front of the whole class, with Matt standing off to their side. Gina may have some idea what was in store for them, but she was at a loss as Mr. Schmidt walked back and forth in front of them looking glum and shaking his head.  
  
He finally spoke, stopping just to their right and facing the class. "These four felt it would be okay to interrupt my class by arriving late. I noted the time and it appears they thought that four and a half minutes late was completely acceptable. They didn't even seem apologetic about it at all, not that it would have cleared them."  
  
"We're really sorry Mr. Schmidt." Beth whined. "It won't happen again."  
  
Wendy just shook her head. She knew that wasn't going to work and most likely just made things worse.  
  
"If you were sorry," Mr. Schmidt said, looking right at Beth. "You wouldn't have shown up late with so little care for the others in the class."  
  
Beth just looked down at the floor in shame, but Wendy kept watching the professor as she smiled for a moment before turning back to the class. "Since these four wasted some of our time I think they should give us some of theirs. They should do some work to help out around here while I give the rest of you your education.  
  
That didn't sound so bad. They would just have to do some chores or class work to help out around here. Perhaps clean up a bit or something. Wendy let out a sigh of relief.  
  
The professor rounded on Matt first. "You work out, don't you?"  
  
Matt looked like he was trying to remain cool but his voice sounded a little meek. "Yeah. I have to. You know, for training and stuff. Basketball and stuff." His voice trailed off.  
  
"Very good." Mr. Schmidt walked over to the other side of the podium, where some projector equipment and boxes sat. "I have had trouble getting this stuff set up and I figured you would be able to lift it up. I want you to set up this system and get the screen hung up there so it can be seen by all."  
  
Without a word Matt walked over and started to do as told, unpacking the boxes and looking through the stuff.  
  
Next he walked over to Gina, who looked very nervous and was unconsciously tugging at the hem of her cheerleader uniform.  
  
"Gina, I think you could help me out by cleaning off this podium. I have some brushes and rags under here." He reached under is lectern and pulled out a small plastic basket of cleaning supplies, which he handed to her. "Sorry I don't have any mops or brooms, so you'll have to do it all by hand."  
  
She took the basket and looked around the fairly good-sized podium. With a resigned sigh she walked over to the front corner and started to kneel down, but was interrupted by the professor clearing his throat.  
  
"Please start in the back and work to the front." He said, "That way you will be out of the way of the others sooner. And make sure to move backwards so you don't track any mess with you over what you've already cleaned."  
  
She did as told and walked to the back of the stage and kneeled down to start cleaning. Wendy noticed this had the unfortunate, or even possibly intended, effect of pointing Gina's ass at the students. With he short cheerleader skirt on it meant that everyone would clearly see her bare ass and peek of her pussy lips between her thighs as it rode up slowly with her motions. Wendy figured that Gina wouldn't even notice she was showing them all this for a little while, which meant she wouldn't do anything to try and prevent it. She wanted to warn her friend, but knew that any interaction at this point would just make things worse on them all.  
  
Seeing that Gina and Matt were well on their way, Professor Schmidt now turned to Wendy. She braced for it, but then noticed that he was addressing both her and Beth at the same time.  
  
"Okay you two. I want you to start on opposite sides of the room and completely clear and clean the chalkboard. These old buildings still have the old style boards and mine has not been cleaned in ages. I want you to remove all the things that have been taped and pinned up around them and then completely scrub them clean. You should meet in the middle about the same time, unless one of you slacks. In that case we will all know who is the slacker and they will owe more punishment."  
  
With a sigh of relief Wendy walked to one side of the wall of boards, which was actually on another slightly raised platform behind the main podium. Beth walked to the other side. The board was filthy, covered in chalk marked and tons of white dust. There were also years of notes and papers and pictures posted up on and around it, which is where she thought she should start. She started pulling down these papers and things, setting them on the table at the back of the podium, near where Gina was now sweeping the floor with a hand brush.  
  
Professor Schmidt started speaking to the class about their recent work on the seeds of the French Revolution and they would ripple out to the rest of the world at the time. For the first time in ages it seemed like nearly everyone was quiet and nobody was goofing off. They were at least acting like they were paying attention, but from what Wendy could see it looked more like they were paying more attention to Gina's behind wiggling as she scrubbed the floor. It must have become uncovered enough for them to all see it.  
  
As she was pulling some more pictures down from above the chalkboard, Wendy heard Beth let out a frustrated grunt. All eyes turned to her, including the professor, and Wendy felt a sudden seed of worry for her friend. Bringing attention to yourself right now was not a good idea.  
  
"What's the matter Miss Arnson?" The professor asked in a slightly annoyed voice.  
  
Beth turned towards him and Wendy could see some white streaks on the front of her uniform. In an almost whiney voice she said, "This board is filthy and it's getting all over my uniform. Can I do something else?"  
  
Wendy groaned and the small seed of worry grow into a large worry plant. That was completely the wrong thing to say. 'Come on Beth,' she thought to herself, 'Just brush it off and get back to work.' But it was too late.  
  
"No, you can't do something else." He said as her face sank. "But I think we should help you out. We can't have your uniform getting all messed up. I am not a monster and have too much respect for the honor of this school to let that happen."  
  
Beth seemed to perk up a little at these words, but Wendy could see what was coming and tried to quietly keep working on her side without being noticed.  
  
After a pause, letting Beth calm down and actually smile, Mr. Schmidt continues. "Please remove the uniform and place it on my desk before you get back to work."  
  
"What?" Beth's face just dropped. "But you said... What to I get to wear?"  
  
"Did you bring anything else with you to class?" He said casually. "You can put that on if you have it. Otherwise just take it off and get back to work. I don't want to hear another word from you, unless it's you saying you are done cleaning or are quitting the class."  
  
She flushes red and looks like she is about to explode but slowly starts to unzip the side of her skirt. She seems to be having a lot of difficulty with it and the whole class is watching her.  
  
"Will you hurry up Miss Arnson, so we can get back to our class work. Your little display here is very distracting."  
  
On those words she quickly drops the skirt, exposing her carefully shaved pussy and nice round ass, and bends down to pick it up. She then pulls off the top, releasing her nice breasts, with pert pink nipples, and tossed them onto the table. She shuffles back over to her spot and starts to work on the chalkboard again, this time with her full naked form and great ass on full display to the class.  
  
"What was that?" Mr. Schmidt suddenly says. Wendy had no idea what he's replying to, but Beth must have said something under her breath as she walked away.  
  
Beth cringes and mumbles something that Wendy couldn't hear.  
  
"Louder please," He says in an abrasive voice. "And please face me when you are talking to me."  
  
Wendy could see her blush, all over, and turn to face the professor, which also exposes her full nude front to the whole class again. In a soft, but clearly audible voice, she speaks. "I said this was unfair."  
  
He looks around at the others he set to do to tasks. Wendy makes sure that she is working hard when he looks her way.  
  
Turning back to Beth he speaks in a softer tone. "You're right."  
  
Beth seems to relax a moment, but Wendy is sure this is going to be bad and tried to blend into the wall.  
  
He then turns to Wendy, making her slump in horror, and speaks. "You are doing the same job as Beth and I am sure your uniform is getting just as dirty. We can't have that. It's not good for school spirit to have dirty cheerleaders walking around between classes. Please remove your uniform and set it up here with Beth's."  
  
Wendy glares at Beth, who looks extremely sorry and worried at the same time. Wendy thinks she just realized that not only did she just get her friend stripped, but she will still have to stay naked through the class. Wendy starts to remove her top, exposing her rather large breasts, and tosses it on the table from where she is standing, since it is much closer to her. She then pulls down the skirt and quickly spins back towards the board at the same time she tossed the skirt onto the table. She isn't going to make it easy for them all to ogle her, so only her nice ass is facing the class as she gets back to work.  
  
From behind her she hears the professor say "You're fine Matt since you aren't in a uniform or doing anything messy. But what about you Miss Black?"  
  
It sounds like Gina is going to lose her uniform too, but Wendy doesn't want to look.  
  
"Look sir," Gina can be heard pleading. "There are no sleeves and it doesn't even get near the floor. I'm not getting it messy."  
  
"I see." He says in a calm voice. "But the skirt seems to hang down when you kneel over like that and could brush the floor, picking up all sorts of things. I think you should remove the skirt, but you can keep the top."  
  
She groans and Wendy peeks over her shoulder to see Gina slipping off her skirt and being forced to go back to cleaning the floor bottomless. 'I guess she won't have to worry about her skirt riding up and showing anything off any more. It will just all be out there the whole time.'  
  
Professor Schmidt goes back to giving his lecture and Wendy continues to clean the board, with Beth on the other side doing the same thing. She can't believe how embarrassing this is, but tried to remain strong and not show it. Each time she has to turn around and drop more papers and things on the table she knows the whole class is looking at her beautiful naked form, making her blush and quickly turn her back on them again.  
  
About twenty minutes before the class is scheduled to be over she and Beth have finished the board, meeting in the middle so that neither of them look like they slacked. Wendy actually had to slow down a little towards the end to make sure this happened. No matter how upset she was with Beth for getting her stripped, she knows it wasn't really her fault and didn't want to make her life any more miserable in class. She would just get back at her later, where it could be more personal and most likely more fun.  
  
Turning back to face the front, holding the rag she had been using to wash the board over her pussy, Wendy was the one who spoke. "We're done Professor."  
  
He turns around and looks across the whole board. A smile actually crosses his face. "Very good girls. Very good. Looks almost like it's new. Please get yourself cleaned up a little and put away the supplies. Then you can get dressed and take a seat."  
  
Wendy wastes no time wiping herself off with a clean towel and putting the cleaning supplies back on the table. By the time Beth grabs her things Wendy is already dressed and walking off the podium and out of the limelight. She takes a deep breath and plops into a seat about halfway back on the side.  
  
This was the first time she also noticed that Matt was already seated and the screen he was to set up was strung up and in place, with the projector stand and everything placed in front of it, near the front of the raised stage. It was only Gina that was still working, sitting on the edge of the podium, with her legs dangling off, and scrubbing the last part along the front. About five minutes before class ended she finished and was also allowed to get dressed and seated again.  
  
The professor ended his lecture at this point, just as Gina plopped into the seat next to Wendy, and walked back to stand in the middle of the now clean stage.  
  
"As you all can see, I am not joking or kidding with these new rules in my class. Tomorrow you will all be here on time or I will have worse chores for you to perform, which may very well be messier since the cleanest ones have already been taken care of."  
  
Wendy couldn't believe he called these the cleanest jobs and wondered what the others could possibly be. Or was that just a hint that all future jobs would require the removal of clothing under the pretext of keeping them clean?  
  
"I will also be checking your outfits before we start to see if we have any serious distractions. If not I will be running a vote as outlined in the rules, so please make sure you are prepared for my class."  
  
He glanced at the clock, sitting on about two minutes to the end of class, and said, "Oh, it's close enough. Get on out of here. Trina, you can come get your things now."  
  
Wendy, and most of the students now milling about and getting ready to leave, turned to look at the long forgotten Trina, who was still sitting naked at the back of the room. She blushed bright red again and stood up, to walk up to the front and retrieve her clothing. Nobody actually left the room until she had put it back on, and most of the guys waited for her to pass so they could follow her out.